



When Homeward steering.

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FROM a long voyage when homeward
steering,

Their native home once more to view,
The long lost Albion cliffs appearing,
The light revives the jovial crew;
For there each one expects much pleasure
With the girls whom they adore,
To sail no more, enjoy their treasure,
To rest content on their native shore.

While the happy crew is thus regaling
On thoughts how jovial they have been
And every joy again prevailing,
Till anno'd by danger unforeseen;
For oh! when he have gain'd their coast
Expecting ev'ry peril o'er,
All hands are press'd, again are forc'd
To sea, and leave their native shore.

There perilous toils again assail them,
The fate of war, or winds, or waves,
Their fortitude yet never fails them,
Tho' doom'd to find a distant grave;
From dire arms or bitter mourning;
In heat of battle where cannons roar,
A hope yet cheers them of returning,
To rest content on their native shore.

